

REMEMBER LOUVAIN !

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"I wonder why you pity me. I am so glad to have a son to go, and one who is ready to go and fight. The mothers I pity are those who have civilian sons who are now useless. I cannot imagine anything better for a man than to fight in this war, which is so manifestly righteous. I only wish I could go myself or had ten sons to send."

Extract from a letter from "a little gentle lady, the wife of a clergyman"

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REMEMBER LOUVAIN!

**A LITTLE BOOK OF LIBERTY
AND WAR**



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L
F. S.
Littre

To the Germans at Louvain

CAPTAIN, or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may
seize,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms,
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and
seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower :
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground, and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

JOHN MILTON

This Book First Published in 1914

Preface

THIS little collection of poetry bearing upon the fineness and sacredness of the struggle which England is making has been hastily brought together in the hope that it may have some quickening and stimulating influence in these times of national trial.

Now and then a liberty has been taken with a title.

The editor's thanks are cordially given to Mrs. Henley, Sir A. Conan Doyle, Mr. John Drinkwater, Mr. Kipling, Mr. Newbolt, Mr. Noyes, and Messrs. Longmans and Co., for permission to include copyright poems.

E. V. L.

September, 1914

BECAUSE your Belgian fields are dear
And now they suffer black despite,
Because your womanhood can hear
The menace on the lips of night,
Because you are a little clan
Of brothers, and because there comes
The thief among you, to a man
You take the challenge of your drums.

Not all our tears and wrath shall weigh
The utter bitterness that falls,
O Belgian hearts, on you this day,
The sorrow of your broken walls
And desolated hearths, the crime
Of Prussian sword and Prussian flame,
But, brothers, with the world we chime
The story of your Belgian name.

We will be comrades at your side,
Your battle and our battle one
To turn again this monstrous pride
That veils but does not know the sun ;
Our blood and thews with yours are set
Against this creed of bar and goad,
The Ironside is in us yet,
As when the ranks of Cromwell rode.

For all things clean, for all things brave,
For peace, for spiritual light,
To keep love's body whole, to save
The hills of intellectual sight,
Girt at your Belgian gate we stand,
Our trampled faith undaunted still,
With heart unseared, and iron hand,
And old indomitable will.*

JOHN DRINKWATER

From the *Sphere*, September 10, 1914

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Remember Louvain!

LIBERTY

It is not to be thought of

It is not to be thought of that the flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters un-
withstood,"

Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
That this most famous stream in bogs and
sands

Should perish ; and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible knights of old :
We must be free or die, who speak the
tongue

That Shakespeare spake : the faith and
morals hold

Which Milton held. In everything we are
sprung

Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

W. WORDSWORTH

The Vigil*

ENGLAND! where the sacred flame
 Burns before the inmost shrine,
 Where the lips that love thy name
 Consecrate their hopes and thine,
 Where the banners of thy dead
 Weave their shadows overhead,
 Watch beside thine arms to-night,
 Pray that God defend the Right.

Think that when to-morrow comes
 War shall claim command of all,
 Thou must hear the roll of drums,
 Thou must hear the trumpet's call.
 Now before they silence ruth,
 Commune with the voice of truth ;
 England! on thy knees to-night
 Pray that God defend the Right.

Single-hearted, unafraid,
 Hither all thy heroes came,
 On this altar's steps were laid
 Gordon's life and Outram's fame.
 England! if thy will be yet
 By their great example set,
 Here beside thine arms to-night
 Pray that God defend the Right.

So shalt thou when morning comes
 Rise to conquer or to fall,
 Joyful hear the rolling drums,
 Joyful hear the trumpet's call.

* From "*Poems New and Old*" (Murray)

Then let Memory tell thy heart :
 " *England ! what thou wert, thou art !*"
 Gird thee with thine ancient might,
 Forth ! and God defend the Right !

HENRY NEWBOLT

Hymn before Action *

THE earth is full of anger,
 The seas are dark with wrath,
 The Nations in their harness
 Go up against our path :
 Ere yet we loose the legions—
 Ere yet we draw the blade,
 Jehovah of the Thunders,
 Lord God of Battles, aid !

High lust and foward bearing,
 Proud heart, rebellious brow—
 Deaf ear and soul uncaring,
 We seek Thy mercy now !
 The sinner that forswore Thee,
 The fool that passed Thee by,
 Our times are known before Thee—
 Lord, grant us strength to die !

From panic, pride, and terror,
 Revenge that knows no rein,
 Light haste and lawless error,
 Protect us yet again.

From " *The Seven Seas* " (Methuen)

REMEMBER LOUVAIN !

Cloak Thou our undeserving,
 Make firm the shuddering breath,
 In silence and unswerving
 To taste Thy lesser death !
 Ah ! Mary, pierced with sorrow,
 Remember, reach and save
 The soul that comes to-morrow
 Before the God that gave ;
 Since each was born of woman,
 For each at utter need—
 True comrade and true foeman—
 Madonna, intercede !
 E'en now their vanguard gathers,
 E'en now we face the fray—
 As Thou didst help our fathers,
 Help Thou our host to-day !
 Fulfilled of signs and wonders,
 In life, in death made clear—
 Jehovah of the Thunders,
 Lord God of Battles, hear !

RUDYARD KIPLING

A Song of England*

THERE is a song of England that none shall
 ever sing ; *
 So sweet it is and fleet it is
 That none whose words are not as fleet as
 birds upon the wing,
 And regal as her mountains,
 And radiant as the fountains

From " *Collected Poems* " (Blackwood)

Of rainbow-coloured sea-spray that every
wave can fling
Against the cliffs of England, the sturdy
cliffs of England,
Could more than seem to dream of it,
Or catch one flying gleam of it,
Above the seas of England that never cease
to sing.

There is a song of England that only lovers
know ;
So rare it is and fair it is,
O, like a fairy rose it is upon a drift of
snow,
So cold and sweet and sunny,
So full of hidden honey,
So like a flight of butterflies where rose and
lily blow
Along the lanes of England, the leafy lanes
of England ;
When flowers are at their vespers
And full of little whispers,
The boys and girls of England shall sing it
as they go.

There is a song of England that only love
may sing,
So sure it is and pure it is ;
And seaward with the sea-mew it spreads a
whiter wing,
And with the sky-lark hovers
Above the tryst of lovers,

6 REMEMBER LOUVAIN !

Above the kiss and whisper that led the
lovely Spring
Through all the glades of England, the
fernry glades of England,
Until the way enwound her
With sprays of May, and crowned her
With stars of frosty blossom in a merry
morris-ring.

There is a song of England that haunts her
hours of rest :

The calm of it and balm of it
Are breathed from every hedgerow that
blushes to the West ;
From the cottage doors that nightly
Cast their welcome out so brightly
On the lanes where laughing children are
lifted and caressed
By the tenderest hands in England, hard
and blistered hands of England :
And from the restful sighing
Of the sleepers that are lying
With the arms of God around them on the
night's contented breast.

There is a song of England that wanders on
the wind ;
So sad it is and glad it is
That men who hear it madden and their
eyes are wet and blind,
For the lowlands and the highlands
Of the unforgotten islands,
For the Islands of the Blessed and the rest
they cannot find

As they grope in dreams to England and
 the love they left in England ;
 Little feet that danced to meet them,
 And the lips that used to greet them,
 And the watcher at the window in the home
 they left behind.

There is a song of England that thrills the
 beating blood
 With burning cries and yearning
 Tides of hidden aspiration hardly known or
 understood ;
 Aspirations of the creature
 Tow'rds the unity of Nature :
 Sudden chivalries revealing whence the
 longing is renewed
 In the men that live for England, live and
 love and die for England :
 By the light of their desire
 They shall blindly blunder higher,
 To a wider, grander Kingdom, and a deeper,
 nobler Good.

There is a song of England that only
 Heaven can hear ;
 So gloriously victorious,
 It soars above the choral stars that sing the
 Golden Year ;
 Till even the cloudy shadows
 That wander o'er her meadows
 In silent purple harmonies declare His
 glory there,

Along the hills of England, the billowy hills
of England ;
While heaven rolls and ranges
Through all the myriad changes
That mirror God in music to the mortal
eye and ear.

*There is a song of England that none shall ever
sing ;
So sweet it is and fleet it is
That none whose words are not as fleet as birds
upon the wing,
And regal as her mountains,
And radiant as her fountains
Of rainbow-coloured sea-spray that every wave
can fling
Against the cliffs of England, the sturdy cliffs of
England,
Could more than seem to dream of it,
Or catch one flying gleam of it,
Above the seas of England that never cease to
sing.*

ALFRED NOYES

Battle-Hymn of the Republic

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the
coming of the Lord :
He is trampling out the vintage where the
grapes of wrath are stored ;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His
terrible swift sword :
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a
 hundred circling camps ;
 They have builded Him an altar in the
 evening dews and damps ;
 I can read His righteous sentence by the
 dim and flaring lamps.
 His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished
 rows of steel :
 " As ye deal with my contemners, so with
 you my grace shall deal ;
 Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the
 serpent with His heel,
 Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that
 shall never call retreat ;
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before
 His judgment seat :
 Oh ! be swift, my soul, to answer Him ! be
 jubilant, my feet !
 Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born
 across the sea,
 With a glory in His bosom that transfigures
 you and me :
 As He died to make men holy, let us die to
 make men free,
 While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE

to REMEMBER LOUVAIN !

Motherland

THE land we from our fathers had in trust,
And to our children will transmit, or die :
This is our maxim, this our piety ;
And God and nature say that it is just.
That which we *would* perform in arms—we
must !

We read the dictate in the infant's eye ;
In the wife's smile ; and in the placid sky ;
And, at our feet, amid the silent dust
Of them that were before us.—Sing aloud
Old songs, the precious music of the heart !
Give, herds and flocks, your voices to the
wind !

While we go forth, a self-devoted crowd,
With weapons in the fearless hand, to assert
Our virtue, and to vindicate mankind.

W. WORDSWORTH

LAY the proud usurpers low !
Tyrants fall in every foe !
Liberty's in every blow !
Forward ! let us do, or die !

ROBERT BURNS

THE CALL TO ARMS

A Creed

SOUND, sound the clarion, fill the fife !
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

WALTER SCOTT

King Henry's Rally

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends,
once more ;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility ;
But when the blast of war blows in our
ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger ;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd
rage ;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;
Let it pry through the portage of the head •
Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'er-
whelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.

12 REMEMBER LOUVAIN !

Now set the teeth and set the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath and bend up every
spirit
To his full height. On, on, you noblest
English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-
proof !
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even
fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of
argument :
Dishonour not your mothers ; now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did
beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you,
good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show
us here
The mettle of your pasture ; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding ; which
I doubt not ;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's
afoot :
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry, " God for Harry, England, and Saint
George ! "

W. SHAKESPEARE

England, my England*

WHAT have I done for you,
 England, my England ?
 What is there I would not do,
 England, my own ?
 With your glorious eyes austere,
 As the Lord were walking near,
 Whispering terrible things and dear
 As the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Round the world on your bugles blown !

Where shall the watchful Sun,
 England, my England,
 Match the master-work you've done,
 England, my own ?
 When shall he rejoice again
 Such a breed of mighty men
 As come forward, one to ten,
 To the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Down the years on your bugles blown ?

Ever the faith endures,
 England, my England :
 " Take and break us ; we are yours,
 England, my own !
 Life is good, and joy runs high
 Between English earth and sky :
 Death is death ; but we shall die
 To the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 To the stars on your bugles blown ! "

* From "*For England's Sake*" (Nutt)

14 REMEMBER LOUVAIN !

They call you proud and hard,
England, my England :
You with worlds to watch and ward,
England, my own !
You whose mailed hand keeps the keys
Of such teeming destinies,
You could know nor dread nor ease,
Were the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Round the Pit on your bugles blown !

Mother of Ships whose might,
England, my England,
Is the fierce old Sea's delight,
England, my own,
Chosen daughter of the Lord,
Spouse-in-Chief of the ancient Sword,
There's the menace of the Word
In the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Out of heaven on your bugles blown.

W. E. HENLEY

Home-Thoughts from the Sea.

Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the
North-West died away ;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking
into Cadiz Bay ;
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face
Trafalgar lay ;
In the dimmest North-East distance, dawn'd
Gibraltar grand and grey ;

"Here and here did England help me : how
can I help England?"—say,
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God
to praise and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over
Africa.

ROBERT BROWNING

Gathering Song of Donald Dhu

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons !
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Iverlochy.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter ;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar ;

16 REMEMBER LOUVAIN !

Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges :
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended ;
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded :
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come ;
See how they gather !
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set !
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset !

WALTER SCOTT

Cadet Corps

We come in arms, we stand ten score,
Embattled on the castle green ;
We grasp our firelocks tight, for war
Is threatening, and we see our Queen.
And " Will the churls last out till we
Have duly hardened bones and thews

For scouring leagues of swamp and sea
Of braggart mobs and corsair crews?"
We ask; we fear not scoff or smile
At meek attire of blue and grey,
For the proud wrath that thrills our isle
Gives faith and force to this array.
So great a charm is England's right,
That hearts enlarged together flow,
And each man rises up a knight
To work the evil-thinkers woe.
And, girt with ancient truth and grace,
We do our service and our suit,
And each can be, whate'er his race,
A Chandos or a Montacute.
Thou, Mistress, whom we serve to-day,
Bless the real swords that we shall wield,
Repeat the call we now obey
In sunset lands, on some fair field.
Thy flag shall make some Huron rock
As dear to us as Windsor's keep,
And arms thy Thames hath nerved shall mock
The surgings of th' Ontarian deep.
The stately music of thy Guards,
Which times our march beneath thy ken,
Shall sound, with spells of sacred bards,
From heart to heart, when we are men.
And when we bleed on alien earth,
We'll call to mind how cheers of ours
Proclaimed a loud uncourtly mirth
Amongst thy glowing orange bowers.
And if for England's sake we fall,
So be it, so thy cross be won,

18 REMEMBER LOUVAIN!

Fixed by kind hands on silvered pall,
And worn in death for duty done.

Ah ! thus we fondle Death, the soldier's
mate,

Blending his image with the hopes of youth
To hallow all ; meanwhile the hidden fate
Chills not our fancies with the iron truth.
Death from afar we call, and Death is
here,

To choose out him who wears the loftiest
mien :

And Grief, the cruel lord who knows no
peer,

Breaks through the shield of love to pierce
our Queen.

W. CORY

Beat ! Beat ! Drums !

BEAT ! beat ! drums !—blow ! bugles ! blow !
Through the windows—through doors—

burst like a ruthless force,
Into the solemn church, and scatter the
congregation,

Into the school where the scholar is studying ;
Leave not the bridegroom quiet—no happi-

ness must he have now with his bride,
Nor the peaceful farmer any peace, plough-

ing his field or gathering his grain,
So fierce you whirr and pound you drums—

so shrill you bugles blow.

Beat ! beat ! drums !—blow ! bugles ! blow !
Over the traffic of cities—over the rumble of
wheels in the streets ;
Are beds prepared for sleepers at night in
the houses ? no sleepers must sleep in
those beds,
No bargainers' bargains by day—no brokers
or speculators—would they continue ?
Would the talkers be talking ? would the
singer attempt to sing ?
Would the lawyer rise in the court to state
his case before the judge ?
Then rattle quicker, heavier drums—you
bugles wilder blow.

Beat ! beat ! drums !—blow ! bugles ! blow !
Make no parley—stop for no expostula-
tion,
Mind not the timid—mind not the weeper
or prayer,
Mind not the old man beseeching the young
man,
Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the
mother's entreaties,
Make even the trestles to shake the dead
where they lie awaiting the hearses,
So strong you thump, O terrible drums—
so loud you bugles blow.

WALT WHITMAN

Veterans*

I

WHEN the last charge sounds
 And the battle thunders o'er the plain,
 Thunders o'er the trenches where the red
 streams flow,
 Will it not be well with us,
 Veterans, veterans,
 If, beneath your torn old flag, we burst
 upon the foe ?

II

When the last post sounds
 And the night is on the battle-field,
 Night and rest at last from all the tumult
 of our wars,
 Will it not be well with us,
 Veterans, veterans,
 If, with duty done like yours, we lie beneath
 the stars ?

III

When the great reveille sounds
 For the terrible last Sabaoth,
 All the legions of the dead shall hear the
 trumpet ring !
 Will it not be well with us,
 Veterans, veterans,
 If, beneath your torn old flag, we rise to
 meet our King ?

ALFRED NOYES

* From "Collected Poems" (Blackwood)

OUR SEA

Rule Britannia !

WHEN Britain first at Heaven's command
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of her land,
And guardian angels sang the strain :

Rule Britannia ! Britannia rules the
waves !
Britons never shall be slaves !

The nations not so blest as thee
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free —
The dread and envy of them all !

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
As the last blast which tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
And work their woe and thy renown.

22 REMEMBER LOUVAIN !

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair ;
Blest Isle, with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair :—

**Rule Britannia ! Britannia rules the
waves !
Britons never shall be slaves !**

JAMES THOMSON

Ye Mariners of England

Ye mariners of England,
That guard our native seas ;
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze !
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe ;
And sweep through the deep, o
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow !

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave ;
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave :

Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow !

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow ;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow !

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return ;
Then, then, ye ocean warriors,
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow ;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

T. CAMPBELL

Admirals All*

EFFINGHAM, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake,
 Here's to the bold and free !
 Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,
 Hail to the Kings of the Sea !
 Admirals all, for England's sake,
 Honour be yours and fame !
 And honour, as long as waves shall break,
 To Nelson's peerless name !

Admirals all, for Englund's sake,
 Honour be yours and fame !
And honour, as long as waves shall break,
 To Nelson's peerless name !

Essex was fretting in Cadiz Bay
 With the galleons fair in sight ;
 Howard at last must give him his way,
 And the word was passed to fight.
 Never was schoolboy gayer than he
 Since holidays first began :
 He tossed his bonnet to wind and sea,
 And under the guns he ran.

c Drake nor devil nor Spaniard feared,
 Their cities he put to the sack ;
 He singed his Catholic Majesty's beard,
 And harried his ships to wrack.

* From "Poems New and Old" (Murray)

He was playing at Plymouth a rubber of bowls

When the great Armada came;
But he said, "They must wait their turn,
good souls,"
And he stooped and finished the game.

Fifteen sail were the Dutchmen bold,
Duncan he had but two ;
But he anchored them fast where the Texel
shoaled,
And his colours aloft he flew.
"I've taken the depth to a fathom," he
cried,
"And I'll sink with a right good will,
For I know when we're all of us under the
tide
My flag will be fluttering still."

Splinters were flying above, below,
When Nelson sailed the Sound.
"Mark you, I wouldn't be elsewhere now,"
Said he, "for a thousand pound!"
The Admiral's signal bade him fly,
But he wickedly wagged his head ;
He clapped the glass to his sightless eye
And "I'm damned if I see it," he said.

Admirals all, they said their say
(The echoes are ringing still);
Admirals all, they went their way
To the haven under the hill.

But they left us a kingdom none can
take,
The realm of the circling sea,
To be ruled by the rightful sons of
Blake
And the Rodneys yet to be.

*Admirals all, for England's sake,
Honour be yours and fame !
And honour, as long as waves shall
break,
To Nelson's peerless name !*

HENRY NEWBOLT .

The Armada

It was about the lovely close of a warm
summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail
to Plymouth Bay ;
Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet,
 beyond Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving
many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's
especial grace ;
And the tall *Pinta*, till the noon, had held
her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed
along the wall ;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edge-
cumbe's lofty hall ;

Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry
 along the coast,
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode
 inland many a post.
With his white hair unbonneted, the stout
 old sheriff comes ;
Behind him march the halberdiers ; before
 him sound the drums ;
His yeomen round the market cross make
 clear an ample space ;
For there behoves him to set up the standard
 of Her Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily
 dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal
 blazon swells.
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his
 ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the
 gay lilies down.
So stalked he when he turned to flight on
 that famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and
 Caesar's eagle shield.
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath
 he turned to bay, •
And crushed and torn beneath his claws
 the princely hunters lay.
Ho ! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight ;
 ho ! scatter flowers, fair maids ;
Ho ! gunners, fire a loud salute ; ho ! gallants,
 draw your blades :

Thou sun, shine on her joyously ; ye
breezes, waft her wide ;
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of
our pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that
banner's massy fold ;
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that
haughty scroll of gold ;
Night sank upon the dusky beach and on
the purple sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor
e'er again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from
Lynn to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and
busy as the day ;
For swift to east and swift to west the
ghastly war-flame spread,
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone : it
shone on Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along
each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless fange, those
twinkling points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's
glittering waves ;
The rugged miners poured to war from
Mendip's sunless caves !
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's
oaks, the fiery herald flew :
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge,
the rangers of Beaulieu.

Right sharp and quick the bells all night
rang out from Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had
met on Clifton down ;
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth
into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the
streak of blood-red light.
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the
deathlike silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the
royal city woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the
answering fires ;
At once the wild alarm crashed from all
her feeling spires ;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed
loud the voice of fear ;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent
back a louder cheer ;
And from the farthest wards was heard the
rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of pikes and flags
rushed down each roaring street ;
And broader still became the blaze, and
louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse
came spurring in ;
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath
the warlike errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the
gallant squires of Kent.

Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew
 those bright couriers forth ;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor
 they started for the north ;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired
 they bounded still :
All night from tower to tower they sprang :
 they sprang from hill to hill :
Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er
 Darwin's rocky dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the
 stormy hills of Wales,
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on
 Malvern's lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the
 Wrekin's crest of light,
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on
 Ely's stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all
 the boundless plain ;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to
 Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the
 wide vale of Trent ;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on
 Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the
 burghers of Carlisle.

LORD MACAULAY

GREAT HEARTS

General Leman in Captivity*

Is there a power that can sustain and cheer

The captive chieftain, by a tyrant's doom,
Forced to descend alive into his tomb,
A dungeon dark ! where he must waste the year,

And lie cut off from all his heart holds dear ;

What time his injured country is a stage
Whereon deliberate valour and the rage
Of righteous vengeance side by side appear,

General Leman, on being made prisoner, sent the following letter to the King of the Belgians :

" After honourable engagements on August 4, 5, and 6, I considered that the forts of Liège could only play the rôle of *forts d'arrêt*. I nevertheless maintained military government in order to co-ordinate the defence as much as possible, and to exercise moral influence upon the garrison.

" Your Majesty is not ignorant that I was at Fort Loncin on August 6 at noon. You will

32 REMEMBER LOUVAIN !

Filling from morn to night the heroic
scene

With deeds of hope and everlasting praise :
Say can he think of this with mind
serene

And silent fetters ? Yes, if visions bright
Shine on his soul, reflected from the
days

When he himself was tried in open light.

W. WORDSWORTH

learn with grief that the fort was blown up *
yesterday at 5.20 p.m., the greater part of the
garrison being buried under the ruins.

" That I did not lose my life in that catastrophe is due to my escort, who drew me from a stronghold, whilst I was being suffocated by gas from the exploded powder. I was conveyed to a trench, where I fell. A German captain gave me drink, and I was made prisoner and taken to Liège. I am certain that I have shown carelessness in this letter, but I am physically shattered by the explosion at Fort Loncin. In honour of our arms, I have surrendered neither the fortress nor the forts. Deign pardon, Sire.

" In Germany, where I am proceeding, my thoughts will be, as they always have been, of Belgium and the King. I would willingly have given my life the better to serve them, but death was not granted to me."

Garibaldi

IN trance and dream of old, God's prophet
saw
The casting down of thrones. Thou, watch-
ing lone
The hot Sardinian coast-line, hazy-hilled,
Where, fringing round Caprera's rocky zone
With foam, the slow waves gather and with-
draw,
Behold'st the vision of the seer fulfilled,
And hear'st the sea-winds burdened with a
sound
Of falling chains, as, one by one, unbound,
The nations lift their right hands up and
swear
Their oath of freedom. From the chalk-
white wall
Of England, from the black Carpathian
range,
Along the Danube and the Theiss, through
all
The passes of the Spanish Pyrenees,
And from the Seine's thronged banks, a
murmur strange
And glad floats to thee o'er thy summer seas
On the salt wind that stirs thy whitening hair—.
The song of freedom's bloodless victories !
Rejoice, O Garibaldi ! Though thy sword
Failed at Rome's gates, and blood seemed
vainly poured

Where, in Christ's name, the crowned infidel
 Of France wrought murder with the arms
 of hell
 On that sad mountain slope whose ghostly
 dead,
 Unmindful of the grey exorcist's ban,
 Walk, unappeased, the chambered Vatican,
 And draw the curtains of Napoleon's bed !
 God's providence is not blind, but, full of eyes,
 It searches all the refuges of lies :
 And in His time and way, the accursed things
 Before whose evil feet thy battle-gage
 Has clashed defiance from hot youth to age
 Shall perish. All men shall be priests and
 kings,
 One royal brotherhood, one church made
 free
 By love, which is the law of liberty !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Joan of Arc*

THE honour of a loyal boy,
 The courage of a paladin,
 With maiden's mirth, the soul of joy,
 These dwelt her happy breast within.
 From shame, from doubt, from fear, from sin,
 As God's own angels was she free ;
 Old worlds shall end, and new begin
 To be,

From "*New Collected Rhymes*" (Longmans)

Ere any come like her who fought
 For France, for freedom, for the King ;
 Who counsel of redemption brought
 Whence even the armed Archangel's wing
 Might weary sore in voyaging ;
 Who heard her Voices cry, " Be free ! "
 Such Maid no later human spring
 Shall see !

Saints Michael, Catherine, Margaret,
 Who sowed the seed that Thou must
 reap,
 If eyes of angels may be wet,
 And if the saints have leave to weep,
 In Paradise one pain they keep,
 Maiden ! one mortal memory,
 One sorrow that can never sleep
 For thee !

ANDREW LANG

The Burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
 As his corpse to the rampart we hurried ;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turning ;
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
 And the lantern dimly burning.

36 REMEMBER LOUVAIN !

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that
was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread
o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,--
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retir-
ing :
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a
stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

CHARLES WOLFE

Barbara Frietchie

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.
Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,
Fair as the garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,
On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-
wall ;

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick Town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind : the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten ;
Bravest of all in Frederick Town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down :
In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.
Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced ; the old flag met his sight.

38 REMEMBER LOUVAIN!

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.

"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash ;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came ;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word ;

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog !—March on !" he said.

All day long through Frederick Street
Sounded the tread of marching feet :

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds* rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well ;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Fritchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honour to her ! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave
Flag of Freedom and Union wave !

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law ;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick Town !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Bévé Riel

I

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French, woe to France !

And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter,
thro' the blue,

Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,

Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo
on the Rance,

With the English fleet in view.

II *

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase ;

First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville ;

Close on him fled, great and small,

Twenty-two good ships in all ;

And they signalled to the place
 " Help the winners of a race !
 Get us guidance, give us Harbour, take us
 quick—or, quicker still,
 Here's the English can and will !"

III

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk
 and leapt on board ;
 " Why, what hope or chance have ships
 like these to pass ? " laughed they :
 " Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the
 passage scarred and scored,
 Shall the *Formidable* here, with her twelve
 and eighty guns,
 Think to make the river-mouth by the
 single narrow way,
 Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft
 of twenty tons,
 And with flow at full beside ?
 Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
 Reach the mooring ? Rather say,
 While rock stands or water rups,
 Not a ship will leave the bay ! "

IV

Then was called a council straight,
 Brief and bitter the debate :
 " Here's the English at our heels ; would
 you have them take in tow
 All that's left us of the fleet, linked together
 stern and bow,

For a prize to Plymouth Sound ?
Better run the ships aground !

(Ended Damfreville his speech).
Not a minute more to wait !

Let the Captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the
vessels on the beach !
France must undergo her fate."

V

" Give the word ! " But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard :

For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck
amid all these—

A Captain ? A Lieutenant ? A Mate ?—first,
second, third ?

No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete !

But a simple Breton sailor, pressed by
Tourville for the fleet,

A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the
Croisiciske.

VI

And, " What mockery or malice have we
here ? " cries Hervé Riel :

" Are you mad, you Malouins ? Are you
cowards, fools, or rogues ?

Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who
took the soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow,
every swell

'Twixt the offing here and Grève where
the river disembogues ?

Are you bought by English gold? Is it love
 the lying's for?
 Morn and eve, night and day,
 Have I piloted your bay,
 Entered free and anchored fast at the foot
 of Solidor.
 Burn the fleet and ruin France? That
 were worse than fifty Hogues!
 Sirs, they know I speak the truth!
 Sirs, believe me there's a way:
 Only let me lead the line,
 Have the biggest ship to steer,
 Get this *Formidable* clear,
 Make the others follow mine,
 And I lead them, most and least, by a
 passage I know well,
 Right to Solidor past Grève,
 And there lay them safe and sound;
 And if one ship misbehave,
 — Keel so much as grate the ground.
 Why, I've nothing but my life,—here's my
 head!" cries Hervé Riel.

VII

Not a minute more to wait.
 "Steer us in, then, small and great!
 Take the helm, lead the line, save the
 squadron!" cries the chief.
 "Captains, give the sailor place!
 He is Admiral, in brief."
 Still the north-wind, by God's grace.
 See the noble fellow's face

As the big ship, with a bound,
 Clears the entry, like a hound,
 Keeps the passage as its inch of way were
 the wide seas' profound !
 See, safe thro' shoal and rock,
 How they follow in a flock.
 Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that
 grates the ground,
 Not a spar that comes to grief !
 The peril, see, is past,
 All are harboured to the last,
 And just as Hervé Riel hollas " Anchor !"
 —sure as fate,
 Up the English come, too late !

VIII

So the storm subsides to calm :
 They see the green trees wave
 On the heights o'er-looking Grève.
 Hearts that bled are stanchéd with balm.
 " Just our rapture to enhance,
 Let the English rake the bay,
 Gnash their teeth and glare askance
 As they cannonade away !
 'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on
 the Rance !"
 How hope succeeds despair on each Cap-
 tain's countenance !
 Out burst all with one accord,
 " This is Paradise for Hell !
 Let France, let France's King
 Thank the man that did the thing !"

With a shout, and all one word,
 " Hervé Riel!"
 As he stepped in front once more,
 Not a symptom of surprise
 In the frank blue Breton eyes,
 Just the same man as before.

IX

Then said Damfreville, " My friend,
 I must speak out at the end,
 Though I find the speaking hard :
 Praise is deeper than the lips :
 You have saved the King his ships,
 You must name your own reward.
 'Faith, our sun was near eclipse !
 Demand whate'er you will,
 France remains your debtor still.
 Ask to heart's content, and have ! or my
 name's not Damfreville."

X

Then a beam of fun outbreake
 On the bearded mouth that spoke,
 As the honest heart laughed through
 Those frank eyes of Breton blue :
 " Since I needs must say my say,
 Since on board the duty's done,
 And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point,
 what is it but a run ?—
 Since 'tis ask and have, I may—
 Since the others go ashore —

Come ! A good whole holiday !
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call
the Belle Aurore !"
That he asked and that he got,—nothing
more.

xi

Name and deed alike are lost :
Not a pillar nor a post
In his Croisic keeps alive thefeat as it
befell ;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing-smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had
gone to wrack
All that France saved from the fight
whence England bore the bell.
Go to Paris ; rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank ;
You shall look long enough ere you come
to Hervé Riel.
So, for better and for worse,
Hervé Riel, accept my verse !
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honour France, love
thy wife the Belle Aurore !

ROBERT BROWNING

The Private of the Buffs

LAST night, among his fellow-roughs,

He jested, quaffed, and swore ;

A drunken private of the Buffs,

Who never looked before.

To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,

He stands in Elgin's place,

Ambassador from Britain's crown

And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,

Bewildered, and alone,

A heart, with English instinct fraught,

He yet can call his own.

Ay, tear his body limb from limb,

Bring cord, or axe, or flame :

He only knows, that not through him

Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seemed,

Like dreams, to come and go ;

Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleamed,

One sheet of living snow ;

The smoke, above his father's door,

In grey soft eddyings hung :

Must he then watch it rise no more,

Doomed by himself, so young ?

Yes, honour calls!—with strength like steel

He put the vision by.

Let dusky Indians whine and kneel ;

An English lad must die.

And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
 With knee to man unbent,
 Unfaltering on its dreadful brink,
 To his red grave he went.

Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed ;
 Vain, those all-shattering guns ;
 Unless proud England keep, untamed,
 The strong heart of her sons.
 So, let his name through Europe ring—
 A man of mean estate,
 Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
 Because his soul was great.

FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE

Corporal Dick's Promotion*

A BALLAD OF '82

THE Eastern day was well-nigh o'er,
 When, parched with thirst and travel sore,
 Two of McPherson's flanking corps
 Across the desert were tramping.
 They had wandered off from the beaten track
 And now were wearily harking back,
 Ever staring round for the signal-jack
 That marked their comrades camping.

The one was Corporal Robert Dick,
 Bearded and burly, short and thick,
 Rough of speech and in temper quick,
 A hard-faced old rascalion.

* From "Songs of Action" (Smith, Elder)

48 REMEMBER LOUVAIN !

The other, fresh from the barrack square,
Was a raw recruit, smooth-cheeked and fair,
Half grown, half drilled, with the weedy air
Of a draft from the home battalion.

Weary and parched and hunger-torn,
They had wandered on from early morn,
And the young boy-soldier limped forlorn,
Now stumbling and now falling.
Around the orange sand-curves lay,
Flecked with boulders, black or grey,
Death-silent, save that far away
A kite was shrilly calling.

A kite? Was *that* a kite? The yell
That shrilly rose and faintly fell?
No kite's, and yet the kite knows well
The long-drawn wild halloo.
And right athwart the evening sky
The yellow sand-spray spurtled high,
And shrill and shriller swelled the cry
Of "Allah! Allahu!"

The Corporal peered at the crimson West,
Hid his pipe in his khaki vest,
Growled out an oath and onward pressed,
Still glancing over his shoulder.
"Bedouins, mate!" he curtly said;
"We'll find some work for steel and lead,
And maybe sleep in a sandy bed,
Before we're one hour older."

" But just one flutter before we're done.
 Stiffen your lip and stand, my son ;
 We'll take this blooming circus on :
 Ball cartridge load ! Now, steady !"
 With a curse and a prayer the two faced
 round,
 Dogged and grim they stood their ground,
 And their breech-blocks snapped with a
 crisp clean sound
 As the rifles sprang to the " ready."

Alas for the Emir Ali Khan !
 • A hundred paces before his clan,
 That ebony steed of the prophet's breed
 Is the foal of death and of danger.
 A spurt of fire, a gasp of pain,
 A bluish blur on the yellow plain,
 The chief was down, and his bridle rein
 Was in the grip of the stranger.

With the light of hope on his rugged face,
 The Corporal sprang to the dead man's
 place ;
 One prick with the steel, one thrust with
 the heel,
 And where was the man to outride him ?
 A grip of his knees, a toss of his rein,
 He was settling her down to her gallop
 again,
 When he stopped, for he heard one faltering
 word
 From the young recruit beside him.

50 . REMEMBER LOUVAIN !

One blistering word from pal to pal,
But it sound'd the heart of the Corporal.
He had sprung to the sand ; he had lent
him a hand.

" Up, mate ! They'll be 'ere in a minute ;
Off with you ! No palaver ! Go !
I'll bide be'ind and run this show.
Promotion has been cursed slow,
And this is my chance to win it ! "

Into the saddle he thrust him quick,
Spurred the black mare with a bayonet
prick.

Watched her gallop with plunge and with
kick

Away o'er the desert careering.
Then he turned with a softened face,
And loosened the strap of his cartridge-case,
While his thoughts flew back to the dear
old place

In the sunny Hampshire clearing.

The young boy-private, glancing back,
Saw the Bedouins' wild attack,
And heard the sharp Martini crack.

But, as he gazed; already
The fierce fanatic Arab band
Was closing in on every hand,
Until one tawny swirl of sand,
Concealed them in its eddy.



A squadron of British horse that night,
Galloping hard in the shadowy light,
Came on the scene of that last stern fight,

And found the Corporal lying
Silent and grim on the trampled sand,
His rifle grasped in his stiffened hand,
With the warrior pride of one who died
'Mid a ring of the dead and the dying.

And still when twilight shadows fall,
After the evening bugle call,
In bivouac or in barrack-hall,
His comrades speak of the Corporal,
His death and his devotion.

And there are some who like to say
That perhaps a hidden meaning lay
In the words he spoke, and that the day
When his rough bold spirit passed away
Was the day that he won promotion.

A. CONAN DOYLE

Incident of the French Camp

I

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon :

A mile or so away ,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day ;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

II

Just as perhaps he mused " My plans
 What soar, to earth may fall,
 Let once my army-leader Lannes
 Wave at yonder wall,"—
 Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
 A rider, bound on bound
 Full-galloping ; nor bridle drew
 Until he reached the mound.

III

Then off there flung in smiling joy.
 And held himself erect
 By just his horse's mane, a boy :
 You hardly could suspect—
 (So tight he kept his lips compressed.
 Scarce any blood came through)
 You looked twice ere you saw his breast
 Was all but shot in two.

IV

" Well," cried he, " Emperor, by God's
 grace
 We've got you Ratisbon !
 The Marshal's in the market-place,
 And you'll be there anon
 To see your flag-bird flap his vans
 Where I, to heart's desire,
 Perched him !" The Chief's eye flashed ;
 his plans
 Soared up again like fire.

v

The Chief's eye flashed ; but presently
 Softened itself, as sheathes
 A film the mother-eagle's eye
 When her bruised eaglet breathes :
 " You're wounded ! " " Nay," his soldier's
 pride
 Touched to the quick, he said :
 " I'm killed, Sire ! " And his Chief beside,
 Smiling the boy fell dead.

ROBERT BROWNING

Florence Nightingale

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,
 Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
 Our hearts in glad surprise
 To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
 Into our inmost being rolls,
 And lifts us unawares
 Out of all meaner cares.

Honour to those whose words or deeds
 Thus help us in our daily needs,
 And by their overflow
 Raise us from what is low !

Thus thought I, as by night I read
 Of the great army of the dead,
 The trenches cold and damp,
 The starved and frozen camp—

The wounded from the battle plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened, and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went :
The light shone, and was spent.

On England's annals through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

GREAT DEEDS

The Charge of the Light Brigade

I

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
" Forward, the Light Brigade !
Charge for the guns ! " he said :
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

II

" Forward, the Light Brigade ! "
Was there a man dismay'd ?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blundered :
They're not to make reply,
They're not to reason why,
They're but to do and die :
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

III

Cannon to right of them
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
 Volley'd and thunder'd ;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
 Rode the six hundred.

IV

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
 All the world wonder'd :
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke :
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
 Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not
 Not the six hundred.

V

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
 Volley'd and thunder'd ;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,

They that had fought so well
 Came thro' the jaws of Death,
 Back from the mouth of Hell,
 All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

VI

When can their glory fade ?
 O the wild charge they made !
 All the world wonder'd.
 Honour the charge they made !
 Honour the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred !

LORD TENNYSON

A Ballad for a Boy

WHEN George the Third was reigning a
 hundred years ago,
 He ordered Captain Farmer to chase the
 foreign foe.
 " You're not afraid of shot," said he, " you're
 not afraid of wreck,
 So cruise about the west of France in the
 frigate called *Quebec*.
 " Quebec was once a Frenchman's town, but
 twenty years ago
 King George the Second sent a man called
 General Wolfe, you know,
 To clamber up a precipice and look into
 Quebec,
 As you'd look down a hatchway when
 standing on the deck.

"If Wolfe could beat the Frenchmen then
so you can beat them now.
Before he got inside the town he died, I
must allow.
But since the town was won for us it is a
lucky name,
And you'll remember Wolfe's good work,
and you shall do the same."

Then Farmer said, "I'll try, sir," and
Farmer bowed so low
That George could see his pigtail tied in a
velvet bow.
George gave him his commission, and that
it might be safer,
Signed "King of Britain, King of France,"
and sealed it with a wafer.

Then proud was Captain Farmer in a frigate
of his own,
And grander on his quarter-deck than George
upon the throne.
He'd two guns in his cabin, and on the
spar-deck ten,
And twenty on the gun-deck, and more than
ten score men.

And as a huntsman scours the brakes with
sixteen brace of dogs,
With two-and-thirty cannon the ship ex-
plored the fogs.

From Cape la Hogue to Ushant, from
Rochefort to Belleisle,
She hunted game till reef and mud were
rubbing on her keel.

The fogs are dried, the frigate's side is
bright with melting tar,
The lad up in the foretop sees square white
sails afar ;
The east wind drives three square-sailed
masts from out the Breton bay,
And "Clear for action !" Farmer shouts,
and reefers yell " Hooray !"

The Frenchmen's captain had a name I wish
I could pronounce ;
A Breton gentleman was he, and wholly
free from bounce,
One like those famous fellows who died by
guillotine
For honour and the fleurs-de-lys, and Antoi-
nette the Queen.

The Catholic for Louis, the Protestant for
George,
Each captain drew as bright a sword as
saintly smiths could forge ;
And both were simple seamen, but both
could understand
How each was bound to win or die for flag
and native land.

60 REMEMBER LOUVAIN !

The French ship was *La Surveillance*, which means the watchful maid ;
She folded up her head-dress and began to cannonade.
Her hull was clean, and ours was foul; we had to spread more sail.
On canvas, stays, and topsail yards her bullets came like hail.

Sore smitten were both captains, and many lads beside,
And still to cut our rigging the foreign gunners tried.
A sail-clad spar came flapping down athwart a blazing gun :
We could not quench the rushing flames and so the Frenchman won.

Our quarter-deck was crowded, the waist was all aglow ;
Men hung upon the taffrail half scorched, but loth to go ;
Our captain sat where once he stood, and would not quit his chair.
He bade his comrades leap for life, and leave him bleeding there.

The guns were hushed on either side, the Frenchmen lowered boats,
They flung us planks and bencoops, and everything that floats.

They risked their lives, good fellows ! to
bring their rivals aid.

'Twas by the conflagration the peace was
strangely made.

La Surveillante was like a sieve ; the victors
had no rest.

They had to dodge the east wind to reach
the port of Brest.

And where the waves leaped lower, and the
riddled ship went slower,

In triumph, yet in funeral guise, came fisher-
boats to tow her.

They dealt with us as brethren, they mourned
for Farmer dead ;

And as the wounded captives passed each
Breton bowed the head.

Then spoke the French Lieutenant, " 'Twas
fire that won, not we."

You never struck your flag to us ; you'll go
to England free."

'Twas the sixth day of October, seventeen
hundred seventy-nine,

A year when nations ventured against us to
combine,

Quebec was burnt and Farmer slain, by us
remembered not ;

But thanks be to the French book wherein
they're not forgot.

Now you, if you've to fight the French, my
 youngster, bear in mind
 Those seamen of King Louis so chivalrous
 and kind ;
 Think of the Breton gentlemen who took
 our lads to Brest,
 And treat some rescued Breton as a comrade
 and a guest.

W. CORY

The Battle of the Baltic

Or Nelson and the North
 Sing the glorious day's renown,
 When to battle fierce came forth
 All the might of Denmark's crown,
 And her arms along the deep proudly shone :
 By each gun the lighted brand
 In a bold, determined hand ;
 And the Prince of all the land
 Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine,
 While the sign of battle flew
 O'er the lofty British line :
 It was ten of April morn by the chime :
 As they drifted on their path,
 There was silence deep as death,
 And the boldest held his breath
 For a time.

But the might of England flushed,
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak!" our captains cried ; when
each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

"Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feebler cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back ;
Their shots along the deep slowly boom :—
Then cease, and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail ;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave :
"Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
And we conquer but to save :
So peace instead of death let us bring :
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King."

64 REMEMBER LOUVAIN !

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose ;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day :
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, Old England, raise !
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light ;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep.
Elsinore !

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant good Riou :
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their
grave ;
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave.

T. CAMPBELL

Ivry

A SONG OF THE HUGUENOTS

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom
all glories are !

And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King
Henry of Navarre !

Now let there be the merry sound of music
and of dance,

Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny
vines, oh pleasant land of France !

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle,
proud city of the waters,

Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy
mourning daughters.

As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous
in our joy,

For cold, and stiff, and still are they who
wrought thy walls annoy.

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! a single field hath turned
the chance of war,

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! for Ivry, and Henry of
Navarre.

Oh ! how our hearts were beating, when, at
the dawn of day,

We saw the army of the League drawn out
in long array :

With all its priest-led citizens, and all its
rebel peers,

And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's
Flemish spears,

66 REMEMBER LOUVAIN !

There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the
 curses of our land;
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a
 truncheon in his hand:
And, as we looked on them, we thought of
 Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligny's hoary hair all dabbled
 with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules
 the fate of war,
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry
 of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his
 armour drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon
 his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was
 in his eye:
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance
 was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled
 from wing to wing
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God
 save our Lord the King!"
" And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full
 well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a
 bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume shine,
 amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet
 of Navarre."

Hurrah ! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum,
and roaring culverin.
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders
and Almayne,
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with the lance.
•A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears at rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest ;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours.
Mayenne hath turned his rein.
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale ;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
“ Remember St. Bartholomew,” was passed from man to man.

68 REMEMBER LOUVAIN !

But out spake gentle Henry, " No Frenchman is my foe :
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."
Oh ! was there ever such a knight in friendship or in war,
As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre ?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France to-day ;
And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.
But we of the religion have borne us best in fight ;
And the good Lord of Rosny has ta'en the cornet white.
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.
Up with it high ; unfurl it wide ; that all the host may know
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought His church such woe.
Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest point of war,
Fling the red s'reds, a footcloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho ! maidens of Vienna ; Ho ! matrons of Lucerne ;
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.

Ho ! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
 That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls.
 Ho ! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright ;
 Ho ! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night.
 For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
 And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the brave.
 Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are ;
 And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre.

LORD MACATLAY

The Pipes at Lucknow

AN INCIDENT OF THE SEPOY MUTINY

PIPES of the misty moorlands,
 Voice of the glens and hills ;
 The droning of the torrents,
 The treble of the rills !
 Not the braes of broom and heather,
 Nor the mountains dark with rain,
 Nor maiden bower, nor border tower,
 Have heard your sweetest strain !

70 REMEMBER LOUVAIN !

Dear to the Lowland reaper,
And plaided mountaineer,—
To the cottage and the castle
The Scottish pipes are dear ;—
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch
O'er mountain, loch, and glade ;
But the sweetest of all music
The pipes at Lucknow played.

Day by day the Indian tiger
Louder yelled, and nearer crept ;
Round and round the jungle-serpent
Near and nearer circles swept.
" Pray for rescue, wives and mothers,—
Pray to-day ! " the soldier said :
" To-morrow, death's between us
And the wrong and shame we dread."

Oh, they listened, looked, and waited,
Till their hope became despair ;
And the sobs of low bewailing
Filled the pauses of their prayer.
Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
With her ear unto the ground :
" Dinna ye hear it?—dinna ye hear it?
The pipes o' Havelock sound ! "

Hushed the wounded man his groaning ;
Hushed the wife her little ones ;
Alone they heard the drum-roll
And the roar of Sepoy guns.

But to sounds of home and childhood
The Highland ear was true ;—
As her mother's cradle-crooning
The mountain pipes she knew.

Like the march of soundless music
Through the vision of the seer,
More of feeling than of hearing,
Of the heart than of the ear,
She knew the droning pibroch.
She knew the Campbell's call :
" Hark ! hear ye no' MacGregor's,
The grandest o' them all ! "

Oh, they listened, dumb and breathless !
And they caught the sound at last ;
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee
Rose and fell the piper's blast !
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
Mingled woman's voice and man's ;
" God be praised !—the march of Have-
lock !
The piping of the clans ! "

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,
Came the wild MacGregor's clan-call,
Stinging all the air to lie.
But when the far-off dust-cloud
To plaided legions grew,
Full tenderly and blithesomely
The pipes of rescue blew !

72 REMEMBER LOUVAIN !

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
 Moslem mosque and Pagan shrine,
Breathed the air to Britons dearest,
 The air of Auld Lang Syne.
O'er the cruel roll of war-drums
 Rose that sweet and homelike strain
And the tartan clove the turban,
 As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the corn-land reaper
 And plaided mountaineer,—
To the cottage and the castle
 The piper's song is dear.
Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch
 O'er mountain, glen, and glade ;
But the sweetest of all music
 The Pipes at Lucknow played !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

HOME

The Soldier's Dream

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud
had lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in
the sky ;
And thousands had sunk on the ground
overpower'd.
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to
die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of
straw
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded
the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet Vision I saw ;
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it
again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful
array
Far, far, I had roam'd on a desolate track :
'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the
way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed
me back.

74 REMEMBER LOUVAIN !

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom
was young ;

I heard my own mountain goats bleating
aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-
reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I
swore

From my home and my weeping friends
never to part ;

My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times
o'er,

And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness
of heart.

"Stay — stay with us ! — rest ! — thou art
weary and worn !"

And fain was their war-broken soldier to
stay ; —

But sorrow return'd with the dawning of
morn,

And the voice in my dreaming ear melted
away.

T. CAMPBELL

Come up from the fields
father

COME up from the fields father, here's a
letter from our Pete ;

And come to the front door mother, here's
a letter from thy dear son.

Lo, 'tis autumn,
Lo, where the trees, deeper green, yellower
and redder,
Cool and sweeten Ohio's villages with leaves
fluttering in the moderate wind,
Where apples ripe in the orchards hang
and grapes on the trellis'd vines,
(Smell you the smell of the grapes on the
vines?)
Smell you the buckwheat where the bees
were lately buzzing?)
Above all, lo, the sky so calm, so transparent
after the rain, and with wondrous clouds,
Below, too, all calm, all vital and beautiful,
and the farm prospers well.

Down in the fields all prospers well,
But now from the fields come father, come
at the daughter's call,
And come to the entry mother, to the front
door come right away.

Fast as she can she hurries, something
ominous, her steps trembling.
She does not tarry to smooth her hair nor
adjust her cap.

Open the envelope quickly,
O this is not our son's writing, yet his
name is sign'd
O a strange hand writes for our dear son,
O stricken mother's soul!
All swims before her eyes, flashes with
black, she catches the main words only,

76 REMEMBER LOUVAIN !

Sentences broken, gunshot wound in the breast,
cavalry skirmish, taken to hospital,
At present low, but will soon be better.

Ah, now the single figure to me,
Amid all teeming and wealthy Ohio, with
all its cities and farms,
Sickly white in the face and dull in the
head, very faint,
By the jamb of a door leans.

Grieve not so, dear mother, (the just-grown
daughter speaks through her sobs,
The little sisters huddle around speechless
and dismay'd.)

See, dearest mother, the letter says Pete will soon
be better.

Alas poor boy, he will never be better (nor
may-be needs to be better, that brave
and simple soul,)

While they stand at home at the door he is
dead already,
The only son is dead.

But the mother needs to be better,
She with thin form presently drest in black,
By day her meals untouched, then at night
fitfully sleeping, often waking.

In the midnight waking, weeping, longing
with one deep longing.

O that she might withdraw unnoticed, silent
from life escape and withdraw,
To follow, to seek, to be with her dear dead
son.

WALT WHITMAN

England

PRAISE thou with praise unending
The Master of the Wine ;
To all their portions sending
Himself he mingled thine :

The sea-born flush of morning,
The sea-born hush of night,
The East wind comfort scorning,
And the North wind driving right :

The world for gain and giving,
The game for man and boy,
The life that joys in living,
The faith that ~~lives~~ in joy.

HENRY NEWBOLT

* From "Poems New and Old" (Murray)

THE TOLL

Cambray and Le Cateau

INTREPID sons of Albion ! not by you
Is life despised, ah, no, the spacious
earth
Ne'er saw a race who held, by right of
birth,
So many objects to which love is due.
Ye slight not life—to God and nature
true ;
But death, becoming death, is dearer far,
When duty bids you bleed in open war.
Hence hath your prowess quelled that im-
pious crew.
Heroes ! for instant sacrifice prepared,
Yet filled with ardour, and on triumph
bent,
'Mid direst shocks of mortal accident,
To you who fell, and you whom slaughter
spared,
To guard the fallen, and consummate the
event,
Your country rears this sacred monument !

W. WORDSWORTH

farewell*

MOTHER, with unbowed head
 Hear thou across the sea
 The farewell of the dead,
 The dead who died for thee.
 Greet them again with tender words and
 grave,
 For, saving thee, themselves they could not
 save.

To keep the house unharmed
 Their fathers built so fair,
 Deeming endurance armed
 Better than brute despair,
 They found the secret of the word that
 saith,
 "Service is sweet, for all true life is death."

So greet thou well thy dead
 Across the homeless sea,
 And be thou comforted
 Because they died for thee.
 Far off they served, but now their deed is
 done
 For evermore their life and thine are one.

HENRY NEWBOLT

* From "*Poems New and Old*" (Murray)

Break, Break, Break

BREAK, break, break,
 On thy cold gray stones, O Sea !
 And I would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me.
 O well for the fisherman's boy,
 That he shouts with his sister at play !
 O well for the sailor lad,
 That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on
 To their haven under the hill ;
 But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,
 At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead
 Will never come back to me.

LORD TENNYSON

AFTER

The Return *

(ALL ARMS)

PEACE is declared, an' I return
To 'Ackneystadt, but not the same :
Things 'ave transpired which made me learn
The size and meanin' of the game.
I did no more than others did,
I don't know where the change began ;
I started as a average kid,
I finished as a thinkin' man.

*If England was what England seems,
An' not the England of our dreams,
But only putty, brass, an' paint,
'Ow quick we'd drop 'er ! But she ain't !*

Before my gappin' mouth could speak
I 'eard it in my comrade's tone ;
I saw it on my neighbour's cheek
Before I felt it flush my own.
An' last it come to me—not pride,
Nor yet conceit, but on the 'ole
(If such a term may be applied),
The makin's of a bloomin' soul.

* From "The Five Nations" (Methuen)

82 REMEMBER LOUVAIN !

Rivers at night that cluck an' jeer,
Plains which the moonshine turns to sea,
Mountains that never let you near,
An' stars to all eternity ;
An' the quick-breathin' dark that fills
The follows of the wilderness,
When the wind worries through the 'ills—
These may 'ave taught me more or less.

Towns without people, ten times took,
An' ten times left an' burned at last ;
An' starving dogs that come to look
For owners when a column passed ;
An' quiet, homesick talks between
Men, met by night, you never knew
Until—'is face —by shellfire seen—
Once—an' struck off. They taught me
too.

The day's lay-out — the mornin' sun
Beneath your hat-brim as you sight ;
The dinner-lush from noon till one,
An' the full roar that lasts till night ;
An' the pore dead that look so old
An' was so young an hour ago,
An' legs tied down before they're cold—
These are the things which make you
know.

Also Time runnin' into years—
A thousand Places left be'ind—
An' Men from both two 'emispheres
Discussin' things of every kind ;

So much more near than I 'ad known,
So much more great than I 'ad guessed --
An' me, like all the rest, alone--
But reachin' out to all the rest !

So 'ath it come to me—not pride,
Nor yet conceit, but on the 'ole
(If such a term may be applied),
The makin's of a bloomin' soul.
But now, discharged, I fall away
To do with little things again. . . .
Gawd, 'oo knows all I cannot say.
Look after me in Thamesfontein !

*If England was what England seems,
An' not the Englan'l of our dreams,
But only putty, brass, an' faint,
'Ow quick we'd chuck 'er ! But she ain't !*

RUDYARD KIPLING

Character of the happy Warrior

Who is the happy warrior ? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to
be ?

It is the generous spirit, who, when
brought

Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his childish
thought :

Whose high endeavours are an inward
light

That makes the path before him always
bright :

Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to
learn ; •

Abides by this resolve, and stops not
there. •

But makes his moral being his prime
care ;

Who, doomed to go in company with pain,
And fear, and bloodshed, miserable train !
Turns his necessity to glorious gain ;

In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest
dower;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes,
bereaves,
Of their bad influence, and their good
receives. . . .
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray :
Who, not content that former worth stand
fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpast :
Who, whether praise of him must walk the
earth
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must go to dust without his fame,
And leave a dead unprofitable name,
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause ;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering,
draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's ap-
plause :
This is the happy warrior ; this is he
Whom every man in arms should wish to
be.

W. WORDSWORTH

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

God Save the King

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,

 God save the King.

Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,

 God save the King.

O Lord our God, arise !
Scatter his enemies,
 And make them fall !
Confound their politics,
Frustate their knavish tricks
On Thee our hopes we fix—

 God save us all

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour,
 Long may he reign !
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing, with heart and voice,
 God save the King !

HENRY CAREY



